192
233 is at the Feast of the Annunciation, "when the first cuckoo is heard"? Such were the topics that boomed about the room.

233 Barba Petro pointed out the celebrities: "Uncle
221 George over there, with only one eye — he's one
103 of the biggest *tsellingas* in the Rhodope. Over ten
[494] thousand sheep and goats he's got, and I expect this is the first time he's been inside a house. The one talking to him is ninety-three, and he used to pasture his flocks near Saranta Ekklesies, or Forty Churches — Kirk Kilisse, the Turks call it — away, away beyond Adrianople. Then, after the [648] Balkan Wars, the Turks closed the frontier, so now he builds his winter huts along the coast, west of here, below Xanthi. The other one, with a scar on his forehead, used to winter between Haskovo and Stara Zagora — wonderful grass! — but now, what with the Bulgars, the horn wearers, he's had to look elsewhere. I had a few, but good ones. I used to graze them not far from Kios, in Bithynia, near Nicaea, on the Asian coast. That was years ago. Caïques sailing past in the Sea of Marmara could hear my bells. But the Rhodope is where we all belong."

161 I asked him what the name "Sarakatsán" meant, saying that I had heard it was really *Karakatchani*, a Turkish word meaning "the black ones who depart" or "the black departers." He shut his eyes and flung back his head, clicking his tongue in the negative. "No, no. That's not right. [173] We don't know, but some people say we get our name from the village of Syrako, in Epirus, and that Aly Pasha burned the place down and drove us away and left us wandering ever since." I said 101 Syrako was a Koutzovlach village. Uncle Petro 186 testily stabbed the butt of his crook into the mat several times. "I don't know anything about that. *We are Greeks*. Nothing to do with the Koutzovlachs. Who knows where they come from? You can't understand them when they are talking among themselves. People are always getting us mixed up, because we both wear black and graze [582] flocks. We keep clear of them. You'll never get a Sarakatsán marrying a Koutzovlach. Let alone a Karagouni. *Po, po, po!*" At the mention of these other tribes, he caught the hem of his jacket between finger and thumb in a Panhellenic gesture of squeamish disdain, and shook it lightly to and fro as though to rid it of dust and vermin.

585 The reiterated song of welcome, after gradually
262 swelling in volume as the room filled with guests,
[252] had stopped long ago. Low circular tables, laid
[263] with glasses and with communal dishes of roasted steaming lamb, skillfully hacked from the carcasses turning outside and sprinkled with rock salt, were

a movement or revolution — but little more. (It occurs to me now that they may have been prudently waiting to see what sort of bird I was; what tobacco I smoked, as the phrase goes.) It seemed hardly credible that they were unapprised of events which had taken place so few miles away and had split the whole of Greece in two. Anyway, eagerly or ironically, they listened to my stumbling, gesticulating, half ancient and half modern, onomatopoeia-laced pantomime of the tidings: the revolt of half the armed forces in favor of Venizelos, the bombardments in Athens and Attica, the advance of the government forces through Salonika to the Struma River, the battle at the bridge, how the mutinous battleship *Averoff* had sailed away to Crete, how Venizelos himself had fled, probably to Cyprus, while the Macedonian leaders were retreating to Thrace, and perhaps into Bulgaria. A score of hooded nomads had gathered around me, leaning on their crooks and clicking their tongues deprecatingly at the right moments. When I finished I noticed that their weather-beaten faces, possibly because of amusement at the odd idiom in which this communiqué had been delivered, had lost their sternness; the blue-gray eyes of the beetling despot who had first spoken had assumed a paternal look. "*Eh, paidí, mou*," he said, with a cheerful expression that clashed with his words, "*kakos einai o polemos*." ("War's a bad thing, my child.") Then, over his shoulder, he said to the others, "The boy must be hungry." I clambered down, a fair-haired boy took my horse, and another the saddlebags and the saddle and a bag of oats, and we headed through the dusk for the huts.

By the time we had finished the hot milk with black bread broken into it, and sprinkled with hammered salt — their only food it seemed, which we all spooned in unison out of the same dish — about forty shepherds were eagerly settled, unshod and cross-legged on the spread blankets, nursing their crooks around a fire of thorns in the center of a great domed hut. Half a dozen dogs lay panting in the dark doorway. The old man was forever pushing, with oak-apple-jointed fingers, a minute saucepan into the embers, and we hissed and gulped in turn over the same small cup of scalding and bubbling coffee. Another shepherd was busy slicing up handfuls of tobacco leaves on a log with a long knife, then rolling them and politely offering the rough cylinders for the smoker to lick shut and light with a twig. The day's halting saga, the oddity of its language evoking friendly laughter from time to time, was demanded all over again and discussed for hours.

There seemed to be hardly a thing in the hut

/264 cont./

776 Sarakatsani do not give a detailed description, are only nominally fused with the Satan of Christian tradition. These are the saïtanarei; they harm men, but they do not lead them into temptation. Others, such as the kalikantzari, which we have already mentioned, rather ressemble practical jokers. Finally, the Daoutis, a dreadful spirit, attacks the flocks and exterminates them.

776 823 The saïtanarei usually frequent caverns, precipices, mountain passes, the crossings of roads and footpaths, thoroughfares, fig trees and nut trees, the places where the flocks take salt. In crossing the mountain one sometimes sees "bell holes," as they are called by the Sarakatsani, deep hollows /265/ in the bare rock in the shape of inverted bells; these resound with the cries and roars of these spirits. One must at all costs avoid passing near these holes. For the same reason, one must avoid sleeping on the [828] passes. "If you fall asleep there," the Sarakatsani say, "you will have 776 terrible nightmares." One must also beware of passing through the small 821 tornadoes of summer. The wind which rises in the form of a column of dust and dead leaves shows that a flock of demons is performing a circular [753] dance. The bold one who approaches it will most certainly be stricken with 776 headaches and vertigo. (42) Analogous dangers and even serious illnesses, 753

42. Probably because of the circular movement.

824 indeed incurable illnesses, lie in wait for the one who falls asleep under a fig tree or a walnut tree. (43)

43. Obviously because of the aromatic volatile oils (essences) which their leaves contain and which the sleeper inhales. The dangers that come from tornadoes and trees are mythically represented by the Sarakatsani.

776 [824] These trees are regarded as being inhabited by supernatural beings.

However, it is not always easy to avoid encountering these demons. [487] The passes are obligatory crossings in the mountains, and the haunted cross- [751] roads and footpaths are not avoidable. Thus, in order to protect themselves [263] against ill effects from these encounters, the Sarakatsani always carry with [783]

/265 cont./
them salt (44) and incense. (45)

44. Because of its preservative properties which analogously act as a curative in numerous cases.

45. Incense is a means of purification.

Ioannikou Makrymmatis: Hieros Tydpanos, M.P.G. 6, 667.

A young man told us that during his military service he suffered from nightmares. He therefore put a little salt in his pocket and got rid of them. Carsten Hoeg, for his part, (46)

46. Ibid., vol. II.

has recorded an account according to which the monks of a monastery one day caught a demon that was hiding in the church. They shut doors and windows tight and burned much incense. The demon suffocated.

However, these practices are not the only ones. There are others. The following account is very significant:

A young shepherd had left his flock in order to steal some bunches of grapes in the vicinity. Coming back he heard violins that were invisible and could not be accounted for, the melody from which rose up in the nearby ravines and gorges. The shepherd hurridly departed. But as he approached a bridge thrown over a torrent he saw a donkey stretched out in the middle and very near it a cat that circled it and seemed to stand guard over the sleeping donkey. /266/ Our shepherd immediately understood that these were two demons metamorphosed as donkey and cat (the shapes they prefer). Thereupon, drawing out his pistol, he fired a shot by pressing the trigger with the fingers of his left hand. Immediately, the cat vanished in the air while the donkey got up, took several steps and exploded with a noise of thunder.

There are numerous conclusions that one may draw from this account. The apparition of supernatural beings is accompanied by mysterious music. (47)

47. See farther on, the case of fairies.

The demons may take the shape of an animal and belong to the "left side," or accursed side, of the world which is in two parts the right being

/269 cont./
men comes from the Church. We shall speak of it in connection with religion.

As in the case of the demons, one also distinguishes several categories of fairies. There are fairies dressed in white and others dressed in black. The former also wear multicolored clothing "like the gypsies," the Sarakatsani say. All are dangerous. The first can metamorphose man into anything and even carry him off if they are able to steal from him an object that belongs to him. On the other hand, if the man happens to appropriate one of their personal objects he becomes their master. People even tell of a man "who, having stolen a fairy's kerchief subdued her and finally married her." The second /type of fairies/ have the habit of calling to a passerby and anyone who is rash enough to answer becomes voiceless. They can also strike him with incurable illnesses, make him insane, disabled or infirm for life. The first type frequent springs and streams. One can hear from afar, especially after twilight, their voices and their laughter. For they love lively conversation and jokes and they give themselves up to it while spinning. Very often their presence is announced by the sound of violins. It sometimes happens that a Sarakatsani, passing these places the next day finds on the ground the weight from a spindle left there by the supernatural spinners. (57)

57. The Sarakatsani of "Plaka" (Pélasghia) showed us a "fairy weight" on which we shall comment farther on.

The black fairies haunt gorges and wooded ravines and the depths of the mountains. Avoidance of these places, of sleeping near springs, and above all carrying incense and salt always on oneself are the common methods of protection of the Sarakatsani. They explain that salt, a heavy substance, makes a man heavy and thus the fairies cannot take him away.

The moires, fairies of fate who are three in number, come down close to the newborn child three nights after its birth and determine its destiny

/278 cont./
755
[824] used in many other magic proceedings.

[788] /279/ Finally, one makes the sign of the cross over the affected individual while one holds some grains of salt. Then one throws the salt in the fire where it explodes. Whereupon one gathers up the fragments and puts them in water. When the salt has dissolved one sprinkles the patient
[263] with this liquid. The properties of salt combined with the purification by
[372] fire will act therapeutically on him. (81)

81. Several ideas are intertwined in these practices. The influence of certain materials and certain forces combined with the word, the exorcism or incantation, as well as with the evocation of sacred personages are at the center of the action. All this is well known to us, hence it is not necessary to go back to it. Let us point out only that these methods aim at purifying the afflicted subject.

233
789 The protection of the livestock against the evil eye presupposes
[754] mainly two things: an amulet and silence. The amulet consists of a new ball in which are put salt, incense, some pitch, some dust, etc. (materials which the women take to church on Maundy Thursday to have them blessed), (82) as well as some pieces of paper on which a country priest writes appropriate exorcisms. (83)

82. See the next chapter: the ritual of Maundy Thursday.

233
789
114 83. This is an old custom of pagan origin, related to oracles, etc., which St. Jean Chrysostome has severely criticized: M.P.G. 62, 358, etc. This same author gives us a brief description of these writings: Christian vows, magic phrases, names of rivers, star of David, etc. Since we have not had occasion to see the writings the Sarakatsani use, it is impossible for us to say whether they correspond to those described by Chrysostome. This custom has also been condemned